

DELL

THE LONE RANGER'S COMPANION

# TONTO

AUG.-OCT.

10¢



# THE DUGOUT CANOE

of the Southern Indians

BY RED THUNDERCLOUD

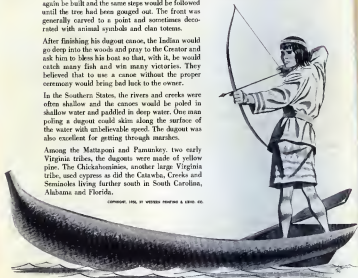
The Indian of the southern part of the United States did not use the birch bark canoe, simply because the birch from which the canoe is made was not commonly grown much below the New England area. Instead, the southern Indian would fell a dead tree by building a series of fires around the base of the tree. After much burning, the tree would weaken and fall to the ground. Then, the men would build small fires on the top of the tree and then chop away the burnt wood with axes. Small fires would again be built and the same steps would be followed until the tree had been gouged out. The front was generally carved to a point and sometimes decorated with animal symbols and clan totems.

After finishing his dugout canoe, the Indian would go deep into the woods and pray to the Creator and ask him to bless his boat so that, with it, he would catch many fish and win many victories. They believed that to use a canoe without the proper ceremony would bring bad luck to the owner.

In the Southern States, the rivers and creeks were often shallow and the canoes would be poled in shallow water and paddled in deep water. One man poling a dugout could skim along the surface of the water with unbelievable speed. The dugout was also excellent for getting through marshes.

Among the Mattaponi and Pamunkey, two early Virginia tribes, the dugouts were made of yellow pine. The Chickahominy, another large Virginia tribe, used cypress as did the Catawba, Creeks and Seminoles living further south in South Carolina, Alabama and Florida.

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# TONTO

## FLOOD WATERS

LIGHTNING SCARE BUCKBOARD TEAM!  
THEM RUNAWAYS! ...  
GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



FASTER, SCOUT! WE  
MUST STOP-UM!



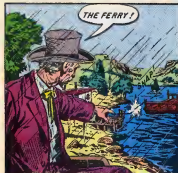
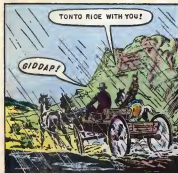
WHOA, FELLERS!  
WHOA!



TH-THANKS, INDIAN!  
BUT I'M STILL AFRAID  
TO BREATHE!



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE RIVER STRONG ENOUGH TO SMASH THAT FERRY TO *SPLINTERS!*

TONTO MAKE RAFT!  
WE TRY CROSS  
ON IT!



SOON...

SO IS TYPHOID, IF  
THERE'S NO DOCTOR  
AROUND!

TONTO THINK  
THIS PLENTY  
DANGEROUS!



BUT, TONTO, I CAN PRAY AND POLE AT  
THE SAME TIME, SO THERE'S NO NEED  
FOR YOU TO RISK YOUR NECK---

--- IT TAKE TWO MEN TO  
HAVE ANY CHANCE --AGAINST  
THIS CURRENT!

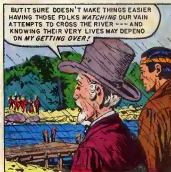


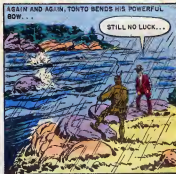
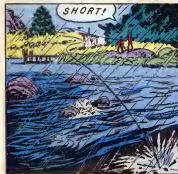
WE CAN'T HOPE TO GET TO THE OPPOSITE  
LANDING--- BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR ANY-  
WHERE ALONG THE FAR  
SHORE!



BUT FOR EVERY DESPERATE FOOT FORWARD THEY  
POLE, THEY ARE SWEEPED TWO FEET FURTHER DOWN  
THE RAGING RIVER...

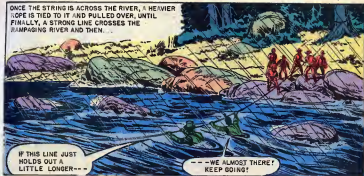








ONCE THE STRING IS ACROSS THE RIVER, A HEAVIER ROPE IS TIED TO IT AND PULLED OVER, UNTIL FINALLY, A STRONG LINE CROSSES THE RAMPAGING RIVER AND THEN...



IF THIS LINE JUST HOLDS OUT A LITTLE LONGER--

-- WE ALMOST THERE!  
KEEP GOING!



GIVE A HAND!  
PULL THEM ASHORE!



SHORTLY AFTER...

WELL,  
GOC?

NOW I'VE CHECKED ALL  
TEN SUSPECTED CASES,  
I CAN DEFINITELY SAY  
THEIR FEVER IS NOT  
CAUSED BY TYPHOID!



(WHEW!) THAT'S A RELIEF!  
SORRY WE DRAGGED YOU  
OUT IN THIS MISERABLE  
WEATHER!

THE SICK PEOPLE  
STILL NEED MEDICAL  
ATTENTION!  
BUT I'M GRATEFUL IT  
ISN'T ANYTHING AS  
SERIOUS AS TYPHOID!



LATER, AS THE STORM ENDS AND THE RIVER DROPS...

NEVER FIGURED I'D  
WELCOME HAVING AN  
INDIAN ARROW COMING  
MY WAY--- BUT I'M SURE  
GLAD THIS ONE WAS SHOT  
OVER HERE BY FONTO!

GET-UM UP,  
SCOUT!

# TONTO

THE HERO WORSHIPPER

WHO IS RIDING THIS WAY AND  
WAVING TO US, STONE BEAR?

DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE  
HIM, TONTO? YOU SHOULD  
---HE IS THUNDER CLOUD!

YES--- I SHOULD HAVE  
RECOGNIZED THE BRAVE  
WHO WAS ALWAYS FOLLOW-  
ING ME FROM THE TIME HE  
WAS A MERE BOY AND I  
HAD JUST SEEN MY  
FOURTEENTH WINTER--

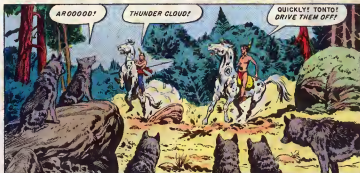
YESTERDAY, I BROUGHT BACK  
A DEER! LET'S SEE IF I CAN  
MATCH MY LUCK TODAY!

EASY,  
FELLOW!

NEIGH!

AROOO!

SO THAT'S WHAT  
FRIGHTENED YOU  
---WOLVES!









FUNNY---WHY SHOULD I  
LET THUNDER CLOUD'S TURN-  
ING HIS BACK BOTHER ME?  
UNLESS IT'S SOMETHING  
MORE THAN THUNDER CLOUD'S  
DISILLUSIONMENT WITH ME  
THAT TROUBLES ME!



I-I GUESS IT IS SOMETHING MORE THAN  
THUNDER CLOUD'S SAD LOOK! TWO WRONG'S  
DON'T MAKE A RIGHT AND EVEN IF WE BREAK  
THE PEACE FOR A SEEMINGLY GOOD REASON  
--- OUR RAID IS STILL WRONG!



THAT EVENING...

BUT, TONTO, YOU  
SAID YOU'D RIDE  
WITH US---

---NO! YOU MIGHT  
START A TRIBAL WAR  
INSTEAD OF MERELY  
GETTING BACK YOUR  
HORSES! IT'S NOT  
RIGHT TO GO!



WELL, WE ARE  
GOING ANYWAY!



I CAN'T ARGUE THEM OUT OF GOING--  
BUT THERE MAY BE A WAY I CAN  
PLAYFULLY STOP THEM!



SHORTLY AFTER---

GOOD! I'VE  
REACHED HERE  
BEFORE THEM!

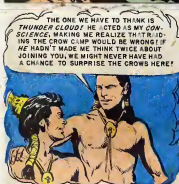












# Dig-in-the-Sand



Dawn's first light colored the towering pueblo and the young Zuni boy, Sun Cloud, scampered down the ladder and jumped onto the sandy plain. Above him, the other young Zunis called, "Aren't you coming with us, Sun Cloud? We're going to catch beetles and race them."

"No," Sun Cloud shouted back, "I'm going to the old river bed."

"Good-by, Dig-in-the-Sand!" the others hooted. That was the name they had given Sun Cloud, for he was always scraping old river beds, studying the rocks and the ways of the underground streams. More than anything, Sun Cloud wanted to learn the secret ways of water for in his dry, hot and almost rainless land, water meant life. Countless moons ago, his people had carved giant cisterns out of the rocky hillside to catch the rain water when there was a storm. Every drop was precious. Irrigation ditches crisscrossed the fields, carrying the vital water to the crops the squaws tended. But there was always water below the surface. Sun Cloud knew and he was determined to be able to tell where one should dig to strike it. As he was digging in the sand, following a lizard's hole below the surface, one of the Zuni boys kicked sand at him. "Well, Dig-in-the-Sand, are you afraid to play with us?"

Sun Cloud ignored the remarks, but the boy

kicked more sand in his face, as the other young Zunis came up to watch. Suddenly, Sun Cloud straightened up, his hand lashed out and he hit the teaser on the jaw. Down he went before the amazed eyes of the others. "Do you still think I'm afraid?" Sun Cloud demanded. But the other boy slinked off silently, nursing his jaw. No one teased Sun Cloud about his studies after that.

Then one day the tribe sat in council under a hot, merciless sun. The chief said it had not rained for three moons. The crops were withering, the water in the deep cisterns was almost gone. The medicine man would put out the prayer sticks and pray for rain. But if it did not come . . . surely, the Zunis would die of thirst. Silently, the Zunis watched the shaman plant the colored prayer sticks in the hot, dry sand. But two days passed and still there was no rain.

Then Sun Cloud spoke to the chief. He thought he could find an underground stream. The desperate chief listened readily to the boy. The whole tribe marched out onto the stifling plains, as Sun Cloud carefully studied the ground, looking for all the signs he had learned would reveal water beneath the surface. Finally, he pointed down and said, "Dig here!"

But, an hour later, the braves stopped digging. The sand wasn't even moist. They turned from the pit, thirstier than before, as the boys hooted and jeered Sun Cloud. As the others started off, he continued to dig. He was certain the signs were right. Perhaps they had given up too soon. Suddenly the sand turned a darker shade—it was moist! He dug faster now. It was wet, muddy sand that he dug up. Then, at last, water bubbled up into the pit and kept seeping up till the pit was filled. "Come back! Come back!" Sun Cloud shouted.

For five days and nights, the water from the pit Sun Cloud found kept the tribe alive. On the sixth day, the rains finally came. The other boys never called Sun Cloud by the jeering name of Dig-in-the-Sand again. They realized now that though he didn't play games with them every day, though at times he acted differently from the rest, but for his special knowledge, their tribe would have been doomed.

# THE PAINTED PONY

THE VALLEY THAT SHOOK

THE PAINTED PONY, ALONG WITH THE OTHER BACHELORS, FOLLOWS THE MIGHTY HERD OF WILD HORSES INTO A NEW VALLEY THE MUSTANG LEADER HAS FOUND...

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SOON, THE BACHELOR STALLIONS EAGERLY CHEW ON THE LUSH, FRESH BUFFALO GRASS, WHILE A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, THE MARES EAT UNDER THE LEADER'S WATCHFUL GAZE...

INSIDE THE NARROW PASS, THE PAINTED PONY FEELS TRAPPED IN AN UNKNOWN VALLEY! BEFORE HE EATS, HE WANTS TO EXPLORE THE FEEDING GROUNDS...



BUT THE HERD LEADER REFUSES TO GO OFF WITH HIM...

SO OFF HE TROTS ALONE INTO THE STRANGE CORNERS OF THE VALLEY WHERE DANGER LURKS...



BUT A SUDDEN SHIFT OF WIND ALERTS THE PAINTED PONY...



WITH SWIFT FURY OF TEETH AND HOOFES, HE STRIKES AT THE LEADING WOLVES...



THE REST OF THE PACK MOMENTARILY HALTS, WAITING FOR THEIR WOUNDED LEADERS TO RALLY THEM. WHILE THEY HESITATE, THE PAINTED PONY GALLOPS OFF...



ON AND ON, HE RUNS, EXPLORING EVERY TWIST AND TURN OF THE UNFAMILIAR VALLEY...

AND THEN HE FINDS WHAT MAKES HIM FEEL SAFER---A SECOND WAY OUT OF THE VALLEY! NOW HE CAN REJOIN THE OTHERS...



BUT JUST AS THE PAINTED PONY BEGINS TO GRAZE, THE EARTH TREMBLES AND SHAKES WILDLY...



ROCKS HURTL  
THE GROUND OPENS IN  
GAPING CRACKS UNDER  
THE SUDDEN FURY OF  
AN EARTHQUAKE...



THE LEADER TURNS FOR THE VALLEY ENTRANCE, BUT  
FALLING DEBRIS QUICKLY BLOCKS IT...



SENSING ITS ESCAPE CUT OFF, THE HERD PANICS ...

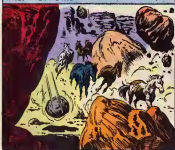
THEN THE PAINTED PONY TRIES TO TAKE COMMAND! AGAIN  
AND AGAIN, HE NIPS THE LEADER, TRYING TO FORCE HIM ON  
TOWARD THE SECOND VALLEY EXIT...



AROUND AND AROUND, THEY MILL SENSELESSLY, AS THE  
GROUND UNDER THEM CONTINUES TO SHAKE, QUIVER  
AND RUMBLE DRAININGLY...



FINALLY, SENSING A PURPOSE BEHIND THE PAINTED PONY'S PROMPTINGS, THE LEADER FOLLOWS HIM AND THE HERD RACES AFTER THEM...



THE GROUND IS STILL UNSTEADY AND SUDDENLY, A GREAT CRACK ZIGZAGS ACROSS THEIR ESCAPE ROUTE...



BUT THE PAINTED PONY KNOWS THEY MUST CROSS THE CREVICE TO GET OUT OF THE VALLEY. AS HE VAULTS OVER, THE REST OF THE HERD LEAPS TOO...



SWIFTLY, THEY FILE OUT BEHIND THE PAINTED PONY THROUGH THE ENTRANCE HE DISCOVERED EARLIER--AND JUST IN TIME! FOR AS THE LAST HORSE REACHES THE OPEN PLAINS, THE QUAKE SEALS OFF THE VALLEY...



AND THEN THE MUSTANG LEADER REALIZES THAT THE PAINTED PONY WAS RIGHT! BEFORE GRAZING IN THE STRANGE VALLEY, HE SHOULD HAVE EXPLORED IT SO HE WOULD HAVE KNOWN HIS WAY ABOUT IN CASE DANGER STRUCK... BUT LUCKILY, THE PAINTED PONY PUT THE HERD'S SAFETY AHEAD OF HIS HUNGER!



# TONTO

THE FABULOUS HUNTER



THERE IS A LOT OF  
SMOKE, TONTO!

YES, STONE DEAR!  
BUT ALL THE SIGNALS  
SAY THE SAME THING ---  
A STRANGE WAGON  
COMES!

WELL, I'LL SOON SEE WHAT  
MAKES THE WAGON SO  
STRANGE ---  
GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THEM JUST  
AHEAD! ---  
WHOA, FELLER!



TONTO HAS NEVER SEEN  
THAT UNIFORM BEFORE!



THE SMOKE SIGNALS  
WERE RIGHT --- IT'S  
A STRANGE COACH!





I FIGURE YOU OUGHT TO GRAB YOUR CHOW HERE, LORD CECIL!

QUITE RIGHT, OLD CHAP! IT SEEMS AN IDEAL PLACE FOR MY MIDDAY REPAST!



AND THEN TONTO WATCHES, FASCINATED BY THE LAVISH SCENE...



HIS LORDSHIP'S SCALP IS JUST LIKE ANYONE ELSE'S---BUT YOU AREN'T LIFTING IT, REDSKIN!



TONTO NOT COME TO HARM-UM! TONTO WANT TO SEE WHO INSIDE STRANGE STAGECOACH!

A LIKELY STORY! I SAW PLENTY OF SMOKE AND FIGURED YOU INDIANS WERE UP TO SOMETHING. WELL, ONE DEAD INDIAN SHOULD WARN THE OTHERS TO KEEP CLEAR!

BUT AS THE SUSPICIOUS GUIDE'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER, TONTO TWISTS SIDWAYS...



QUICKLY, TONTO RELATES THE INCIDENT...

YOU WERE QUITE RIGHT, TONTO! GOOD SHOW!  
I RATHER FEAR MY GUIDE WAS A TRIPLE  
OVER-ZEALOUS ABOUT PROTECTING ME!  
--- TO MAKE UP FOR IT,  
WOULD YOU HONOR ME  
AT THE TABLE?



WE HAVE SOME FINE HOT JOINTS OR  
MAYBE YOU PREFER COLD, STUFFED  
BIRDS? I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL ENJOY  
THE SWEETS I HAD CARRIED ALL  
THE WAY FROM MY CASTLE  
IN ENGLAND!





IF HE MISSES, MY PISTOL SHOTS WILL NOT  
BE ABLE TO TURN THE BUFFALO!



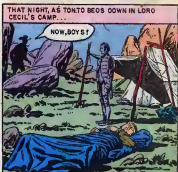
YOU HIT-UM  
IN PERFECT  
PLACE!

JUST WHERE I AIMEO, YOU  
KNOW! AT MY CASTLE, I OFTEN  
PRACTICE ARCHERY! YOU SEE,  
MY FAMILY WON ITS TITLE AT  
THE BATTLE OF CRECY FOR  
THE WAY MY ANCESTOR  
USED HIS LONG BOW!



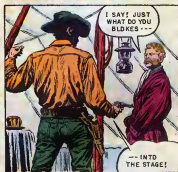
THAT NIGHT, AS TONTO BEGS DOWN IN LORD  
CECIL'S CAMP...

NOW, BOYS!



FIRST, THIS HOMBRE IN  
THE FANCY RIG!





NEXT MORNING...

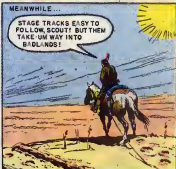


WE'LL JUST SIT HERE A SPELL --- I RECKON THE SUN WILL CHANGE YOUR PRINCIPLES!



MEANWHILE...

STAGE TRACKS EASY TO FOLLOW, SCOUT! BUT THEN TAKE-UM WAY INTO BADLANDS!



THEIR CAMP MUST BE CLOSE BY!



BRING HORSES BACK HERE, FELLER --- GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



BEFORE THE OUTLAWS SEE HIM, SCOUT IS UPON THE UNTETHERED MOUNTS...











## INDIAN WAR RECORDS



Among the Indians some records of their deeds were kept by pictographs—thought writing which conveys ideas by means of pictorial signs.

The use of pictographs reached its highest form among the Kiowas and Dakotas, whose calendars or winter counts were painted on buffalo hides and told the events of the past year. While the tribe kept its record, a brave might also keep his own personal history by drawing picture signs of his deeds on his buffalo hide robe or on the side of his buffalo tepee.

Another form of recording past events was the petroglyphs—picture writing made on large boulders or on the walls of caves. The symbols would first be cut into the stone and then painted so all could read the story of some tribe's valorous deeds.

A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS  
COMIC

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# "Play it smart—PLAY SAFE when you go swimming"

by Bill Wisdom



**PLAY THIS SMART, TOO!** Remind your Mom that **JUICY FRUIT GUM** is a healthful treat that won't spoil your appetite. Tell her to get some and keep plenty on hand.

